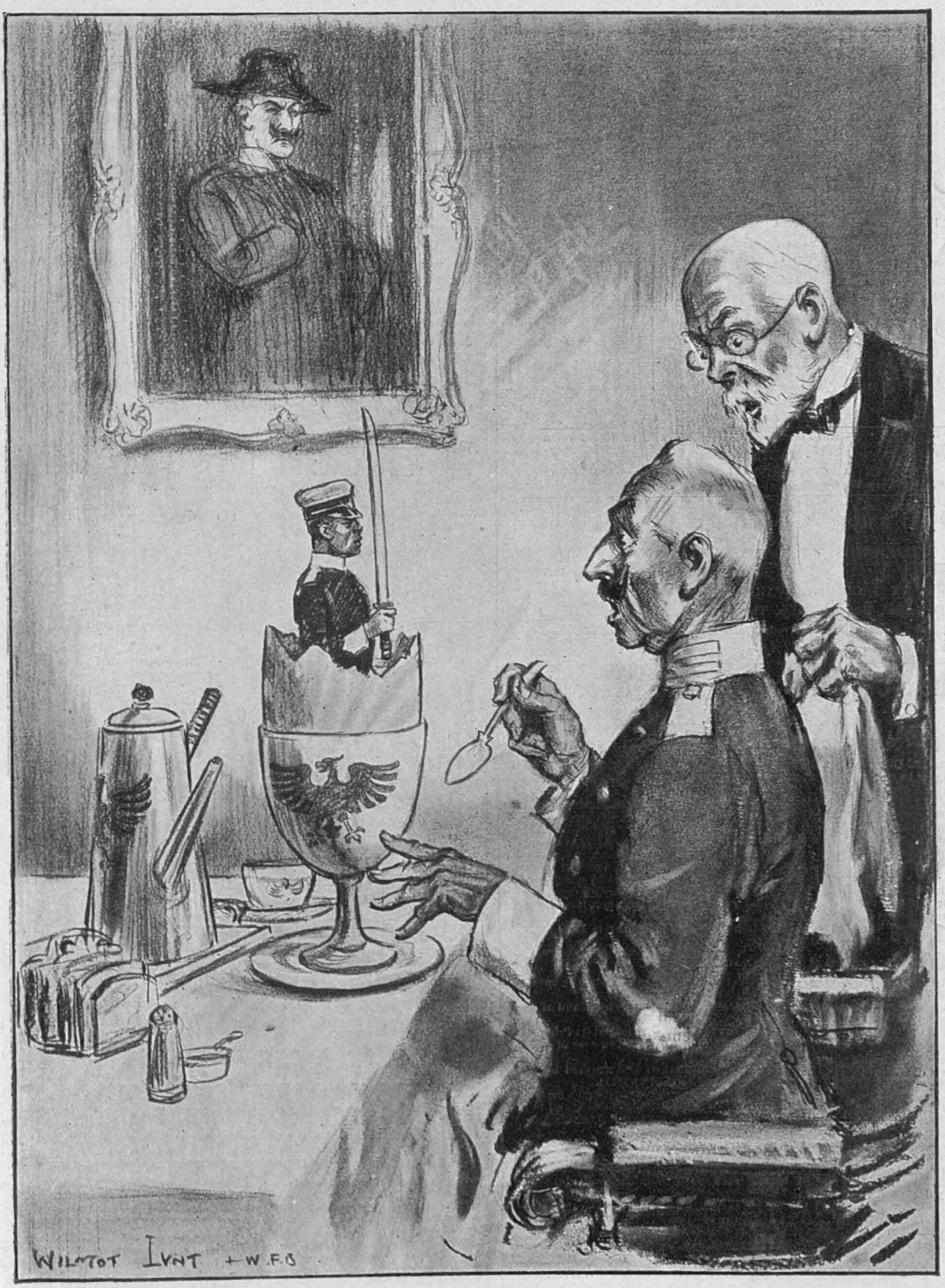
The Bystander, March 27, 1918.—No. 747. Vol. LVII.

The BYSTANDER



WILHELM'S EASTER EGG—FROM YO(L)KOHAMA (?)

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Sketching "in the Line"

If you follow the detail of this Sketch with care, its whimsicality will give you a quiet smile. The Sketch is the work of a brilliant Cartoonist, one of my former Pupils, who, since taking a Commission in a Scots Regiment, has done something else *besides sketching* "in the Line."

Can you Sketch?

Sketching is the cheering Hobby which costs so very little. You can turn to it in odd moments, finding never-ending interest where previously you were possibly bored.

Then there is the Profit side of it. Some of my old Pupils are now leading Illustrators in the £1,000 per year class.

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A Pupil the other day wrote that he had been recommended for a Commission because of his ability to Sketch. Another Pupil gives his admission as follows:—

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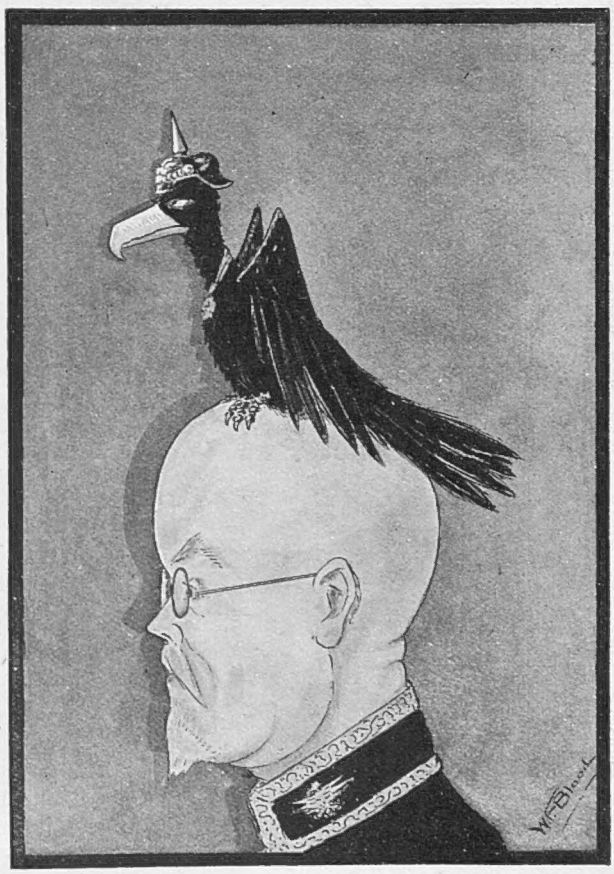
BYSTANDER COMMENTS ON THE WORLD WAR — AND ON THOSE WHO WAGE IT WISELY AND OTHERWISELY

The Blow in the West

FOR once the Germans have been as good as their word. On Thursday last they attacked the British front, having previously advertised freely that it was the British front that they were going to attack. Whether their operations, gigantically planned, will meet with anything even approaching real success only the next week or two can tell. The one thing certain is that whatever advantage they may gain will only be attained at a prodigious sacrifice. This was made perfectly clear by the accounts of the early fighting, when the enemy losses were not only reported to be very heavy, but none of their objectives was attained. This battle should, at any rate, stand out in the history of the war, and of the world; and even if the enemy gains some success (as experience shows most attacks do gain) there is no cause to be disheartened.

The Invasion at Home

WHAT is the secret of the alien spell that has bound our Ministers? Is this *our* country or does it really belong to the aliens? Is there or is there not a shortage of food and of many other things for *us?* And yet, going short ourselves, are we really to keep "open house" for any that come along? The rations for children might well be increased; and men doing strenuous physical toil certainly deserve an even larger meat ration considering their output of products essential to victory and national safety. Yet still the gentle alien has his share on level terms, and, if rumour be true, is by no means content with that. Writing quite frankly, the long-suffering British public will stand this foolery no longer.



HERTLING'S HYPOCRISIES

In process of being hatched by the Prussian Eagle

Full of Money

MANY of these aliens are very plentifully furnished with money, which somehow has *not* found its way into the war loans of the country that has given them a home; and that money has, to a great extent, been amassed here by twisting and underselling the native-born. Few of us would object to the loss of this wealth if its owners carried it away *with themselves.* Is there no neutral country where these people might be planted and landed in neutral ships? We might and ought to say that after such and such an interval no food at home is available for any but the people of the Allies.

A Danger to Public Health

THE Local Government Board has wise and stern restrictions for *us* with regard to overcrowding and the like. Well, should not the same rules apply to the aliens who have flocked into towns and villages outside the aircraft danger zone, and whose herding threatens us with disease and perhaps epidemic? The limit of endurance has been passed.

Who Is the Minister?

DURING 1915 and in the first seven months of 1916 many millions of pounds of tea and cocoa were allowed to be exported from Great Britain to Sweden. In comparison the previous exports were practically negligible. Why Sweden so suddenly developed a love for these beverages we can well imagine; but that her neighbour Fritz should have an abundance, leaving us in queues, is, at the least, exasperating to home consumers. During that period there was no Ministry of Blockade, but someone was supposed to be looking after these matters. Who was that someone and what is he entrusted with to-day?

"Trying It on the Dog"

LONDONERS are taking, with their accustomed placidity, to the idea of being sent to bed early, For if all places of entertainment—theatres, clubs, and restaurants—are to shut their doors as bidden by Sir Albert Stanley in what will be, in a few weeks' time, still daylight, there will be little else left to do, except for the most ardent of allotmenteers. But London, calmly as it takes things nowadays, will grumble rather loudly if this latest curtailment of its liberties is not simultaneously put in force throughout the country. What conceivable reason is there why it should not be? London has been rationed on coal for months, while there is no coal ration elsewhere; London is subsisting on meat, butter, and fat rations

(*Continued on page 639*)

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

for six weeks before they have been made compulsory for the rest of the country. And now London must cut its few remaining pleasures short while the midlands and north may still enjoy full light-rations. Why always London? Let our Controllers try the next experiment on the Glasgow or the Cardiff districts—or even Lancashire—for a change!

Comparisons Verboten

TALKING about rations, it is worth noting that the German papers have not been allowed to say a word about the introduction of our rationing system. For weeks beforehand they were crammed

OUR OVER-WORKED OSTRICH

with narratives, vivid but unveracious, of our queues, and the scarcity of all kinds of food—the consequent riots, the battle of Oxford Street, etc., etc., and rejoicing at the pass to which England had been brought by the gallant and glorious U-boats. But now—not a word! The reason, of course, is that the amount of our rations is so much larger than that of the German rations, and the number of foods that are not rationed at all here infinitely greater. So publication of the facts would give the show away, and arouse German civilians to worse paroxysms of execration than ever. But it is odd that it shouldn't have occurred to the German authorities, ever adept at cooking facts (now that they have little else to cook), to publish lists of our rations showing that they are about a quarter of their own. I make them a present of the suggestion.

A Tip for the Budget

THE Chancellor of the Exchequer's new taxes, to be announced in his Budget statement, are being awaited with interest. Meantime, the French Government have given him a lead with their 10 per cent. tax on—well, nearly everything that is bought and sold. There are two lists of taxed articles; in one the tax is levied without regard to price; in the other only on articles above a certain price. As an example of the latter, take clothes. A man may pay £7 for his suit, a woman £10 for her dress: after that comes the tax. Of the former, liqueurs and chocolates, dogs and cats, feathers and flowers, umbrellas and underwear, creams and powders. All ornamentation, in fact, will have to be paid for extra, and simplicity will be the rule—in theory. In practice, I have no doubt, the people who bought expensive things before will continue to buy them: after all, 10 per cent. is not much, and the State will benefit accordingly. Such a tax has the additional advantage of being easily collectable, but I suppose it will not get beyond the "being very carefully considered" stage here.

Easter

WHILE everything else is in the melting-pot, wouldn't it be a good opportunity to reform Easter? I mention this now, because it takes about a year for ideas to soak in, especially when they have anything to do with the Ecclesiastical side of the State. Once Easter's over, all its inconveniences will be forgotten till it comes round again; so let Church and State get to work at once and provide for making it a fixed feast in future. (Forgive my mentioning the word "feast"—it was one of those by-gone memories that *will* intrude sometimes.) Surely we have advanced beyond the jugglery of Epacts and Golden Letters *et hoc genus omne*, by the manipulation of which Easter at present leaps about inside the month bounded by March 25th and April 24th, or thereabouts. If Easter Sunday were to be settled firmly as the second Sunday in April, regardless of the moon (we don't think so highly of the moon nowadays as we used to), the universal convenience would be well served. Can't we have a few business men in Convocation? They aren't *all* in the other Ministries.

Tonnage

"AND vowing she would ne'er consent, consented" is a sufficiently hackneyed quotation, but it is so apt to the action of the Governments at war that it seems a pity not to use it once more. With air-raid warnings, for example, we had

"The Biggest Game God Ever Created"

FIELD-MARSHAL BULL *(to the latter-day Icarus who doesn't "crash")*: **"We're all mighty proud of you lads, I can tell you! 'Pon my word, it looks as if the Battle of the Air, at any rate, has been won on the playing-fields of Britain"**

(In one of the late Lieut. Rhys Davids' letters home, he said: "I'm having a priceless time of it out here. This must surely be the biggest game God ever created." To this gallant boy his work was "like cricket—sport all the time!"

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded)

in turn no warnings, whistle warnings, maroon warnings till 10 o'clock, maroon warnings till midnight, and now maroon warnings all night—each in turn extracted with the utmost difficulty from the Home Secretary. Now comes the turn of the Admiralty. Official secrecy about the submarine losses clung firmly, from last March till now, to the standpoint that our losses could not be given in tonnage as it might give information to the enemy. With this standpoint most people were in sympathy; but the ship-building breakdown has, for some not very apparent reason, forced the Government to change its mind, and to publish the tonnage figures. Tonnage figures convey nothing to the man in the street; but if they will enlighten the workers in the yards and so speed up ship-building so much the better. But a far sounder basis of hope of improvement than the publication of any information of any kind is to be found in the placing of Lord Pirrie (of Harland and Wolff) in charge of Merchant Ship-building. He knows what is wanted—no man better; and no man knows better how to obtain it.

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHE."

Illustrations by HELEN McKIE

LONDON, *March* 25, 1918.

DEAR COUSIN—

THE full moon brings fair weather, saith the proverb; and if old Boreas, in a Hunnish mood, only blows from the East in his usual Eastertide manner, suppose we're properly "for" a Raid-y week of it, what? But custom, according to Cicero, becomes, as it were, another nature; it reconciles us to everything. And does our (on April 1) newly christened Royal Air Force but continue to give the Hun *his* portion too—well, I guess we'll manage to go through with it.

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IN any event, rather a case of *nolens volens*, isn't it? And it's always best, anyway, to yield gracefully to the inevitable. Not that I've yet met anyone with any sense at all who *likes* an air-raid—though there are always those coarse souls, of course, who are not awed even by the impending mystery and majesty of death. But there's no denying that familiarity, even with the noisy horror of an air-raid, has bred, if not contempt, an unmistakable indifference.

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AND it's also a bit of "the goods" to learn from no less an authority than General Ashmore, who's the gunner-man chief of London's air defences, that the Germans simply hate their raiding job now that our wonderful night-fliers have "reached the highest attainments in airmanship." The more they send the more they'll lose, is his belief; so really, I suppose, we ought positively to welcome the Gotha if only to give our "perfectly good" men their show!

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BUT if you think the prospect of the Hun "doing his damnedest" on London is, to any extent, dislocating affairs in the capital, you may disabuse yourself of the notion without a second's hesitation. Whether the war will be won in the air or not, it's certain that, as an air authority has just put it, the next six or eight weeks, which will see the most interesting developments in aerial warfare, are of the very greatest importance in the history of this country. But is this somewhat startling prospect making the very slightest difference to life as lived in war-time here in London now? Not a bit of it—or not at the moment, anyway, though if that 10.0 closing idea goes through then there truly will be a difference.

Twelve thousand girls they want to-day
Upon the land (or so they say);
So many a maid will soon be going
To change her sewing into sowing.

卐 卐

JUST a few theatres, true, close down with the moon at the full; but most carry on—including grand opera—and to marvellously good houses, considering! The restaurants, ramp they never so outrageously, get fuller and fuller as they get badder and badder. What appalling cooks we English are! Oh, the *atrocious* food that is served up to one these days in even the best restaurants, where, I note, it is possible, however, by paying special (*very* special!) prices to procure a dish or two that's at least edible and sometimes even quite palatable.

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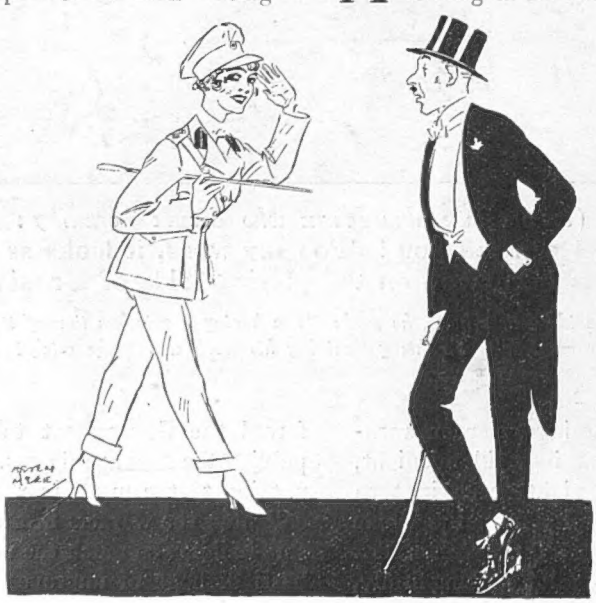
AND in the spring the young woman's thoughts, turning as inevitably to dressing and dancing as the young man's to dallying and delights, in Mayfair, at any rate, nightly there are those "little" dances—the dear boys on leave must be amused, you know! and life's *so* dull for the poor gals in war-time, isn't it?



And if there's still a shortage found,
Let Geddes cast his eye around
Upon the stage. From each Revue
I think he might collect a few!

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APROPOS, "Society" has evidently made up its mind that the Gothas aren't quite going to wipe us out this spring, anyway, for, according to the dress-making people, it just *couldn't* have ordered more—or more expensive—frocks, even in pre-war days, when we positively *petted* the Hun in millions

(*Continued on page 640*)

The Wife of a Problem Politician

Photograph *Elliott and Fry*

LADY CARSON

Wife of Sir Edward Carson, P.C., K.C., M.P., whose action in matters Irish is always an interesting source of conjecture. Lady Carson, who was married to the Irish Unionist Leader in 1914, is the daughter of Colonel Stephen Frewer, formerly commanding 10th Lancers

in Mayfair. I was given a glimpse of the "fitting" book at one of the most fashionable dress-places of the moment the other day—you never *saw* such a binge of appointments! And none of the fitted ones was paying *less* than 25 guineas—most of them more—for their dresses!

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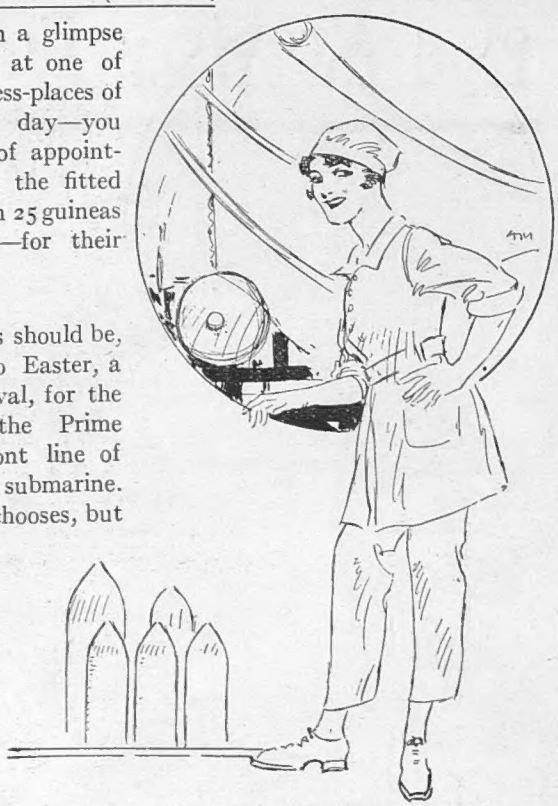
FOR every patriot this should be, I suppose, a potato Easter, a digging and delving festival, for the potato-grower, says the Prime Minister, is "in the front line of the fight against the submarine. He can defeat it if he chooses, but victory depends on his exertions during the next few weeks." But the trouble is, of course, that potato-planting is very dull, as well as back-aching to the *n*th degree. Someone, somewhere, suggested the other day that chorus ladies and other mummers might do their bit against the subs. aforesaid by amusing, on the spot, the allotmenteers.



Look at the girls who *really* work
To strafe the German and the Turk—
The girls who slave at making shells
And scorn the screeds of H. G. Wells!

卐 卐

I SUPPOSE there's another custom of one's childhood war has swept away—the Easter egg that added such succulent joys to the Sundays of one's youth. The only Easter eggs worth thinking about now are those turned out in the munition factory to fire in the field. A less innocent bauble, but here's to it, all the same. It's worth forgoing all the Easter eggs that ever were if only the newer kind rid the earth of even only one horrible Hun.

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REMINDS me, this letter on politics and the war from one who deprecates my remark that our everlasting political crises must disgust the man over there, who's doing his war job. "Well, Blanche," writes one, "I was pretty much about France during the week of that last 'rotten political crisis' you wrote about, in mess after mess, dug-out after dug-out, in the forward area and in the back, and I talked to people from Colonials downwards, on the political crisis.

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"THEY were all *so* interested in it, Blanche, you'd never believe. They talked all the politics they had in the supply dumps and when they got through them they indented for more, and when these in turn were through they wired for emergency rations and talked *them* out. When exhaustion gave place to sweet slumber, they woke next morning and talked politics as they shaved, and swore horribly when the morning's mail, with the *papers*, was late. They wanted more 'squabblings and squeakings'—more, yet more.

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"YOU see, Blanche, France is a queer place. To England we are 'the men over there'—the poor fellows always getting on with the war, always 'intently preparing' and ALWAYS GAY!!! Over here we are the *men over here*. Who? Well, just our same old selves as formerly, foregathered at the Savoy, or the Carlton, the Bath Club, Murray's, Sandown, Lockhart's, or Claridges. Just the men you used to meet and talk to. And what sort of dolgarned smugs do you really think the war has made us that we don't enjoy a good slap-up political crisis as much as we did in the days of yore?"

卐 卐

ONCE or twice, as I read this letter, I rather suspected a leg-pull; but on the whole I don't think so, do you? But supposing he is right, it's dangerous, I'm afraid, to let the politicians know. To that moribund assembly at Westminster crises are as the breath of life (and, truthfully, I believe they *would* all sink into a coma if *something* didn't galvanise them now and again!) Once they suspect that crises are also popular with the "men over there" and we'd be having them so often that there'd simply be *no* time to get on with the war. But I don't suppose—do you?—that anything so—er—important as an M.P. ever reads letters from

With love, yours ever, BLANCHE

From them, next week, their boys in France
Will get an Easter egg, perchance;
Of its contents they'll eat their fill
And—send the *shell* to Kaiser Bill!

BAIRNSFATHER WITH THE AMERICAN ARMY

An Eye for Business

PASSED BY CENSOR

WILLIAM K. FLICKER (*the ex-Movie Producer, after surveying the surrounding civilisation in silent indignation*): "Guess they ought to send this outfit on tour when they've finished here!"

"Somewhere in Flanders"

THE BULLDOG BREED

My Dear Bystander—

We have been discussing our future careers with Robbins, the great South American expert. Lured to South America by the great principle of seek and ye shall find (though, as he frequently informs us, all he ever found was trouble), subsequently returning steerage bringing with him the most stimulating views on the Western hemisphere, Robbins was obviously the man to give us ideas.

"Some of you," said Robbins musingly, "might do a darned sight worse than take to saloon jostling, especially Thomas here, who has a nasty truculent disposition which is essential for the job. Did I ever tell you about my friend Spackman?

⁂ ⁂

"I met Spackman," proceeded Robbins, without waiting for a reply, "on the platform of a suburban station outside Buenos Ayres. We were both of us waiting for the train to town and being the only Englishmen in the place, we naturally soon got talking.

⁂ ⁂

"'What sort of a job do you think I've got?' he asked me during a pause in the conversation.

"'A captain of industry, perhaps,' I suggested politely, 'or a bank manager, or even a ——?'

"'Tell me,' he broke in eagerly, 'Have you ever heard of Zapata's "Alfonso" Lager Beer?'

"I was obliged to confess my ignorance of the beverage.

"'Well, well,' he muttered in tones of gentle resignation; 'there are thousands, I fear, who share your ignorance.'

"'Then you are Señor Zapata?' I hazarded.

"'Not exactly,' he answered. 'I'm the jostler.'

"The profession was new to me then, and he observed, with slight surprise, that this conveyed nothing to me.

"'It's like this,' he explained. 'In the city of Buenos Ayres there dwells one Ricardo Garcia Zapata, an excellent man who sells an imported brand of lager beer to a public that are really yearning for it if they only knew it. Strange as it may seem, however, this beer is at present only to be procured in very few of the numerous cafés and bars. Ricardo Garcia Zapata, on the other hand, is keenly desirous that "Alfonso" Lager shall be, so to speak, on the lips of every man, woman, and child in the Republic; where two or three persons are gathered together there also must be found this lager beer of Ricardo Zapata.

⁂ ⁂

"'That is where I come in. It's up to me to create the demand. By special arrangement with R. G. Zapata I prepare a list of all the cafés, etc., where the fame of this refreshing ale has not yet penetrated—that is to say, where it has already been rejected by a short-sighted publican—and at the busiest hour, when these cafés on my list are chock-a-block, I just drop casually in for a little refreshment.

"'"Mozo!" I cry in a loud voice, "*tráigame un 'Alfonso' esta riquisima cerveza que me gusta más que todas las marcas que conozco!*"

"'"Alfonso?" echoes the waiter in disappointed tones, "*Alfonso, no hay, Señor.* Chancho, Dreadnought, Sin Igual, Propaganda?"

"'"What!" I bellow at the top of my voice, "you mean to say you don't stock Alfonso? Why, I never heard of such a thing in my life: send me the proprietor at once!"

"'The *dueño* glides across to me with a fascinating smile. "*Que desea el Señor?*"

"'"*Es un escándolo, hombre!*" I roar. "This waiter here says you don't sell 'Alfonso' Lager, the most popular drink on the market!"

"'Here I thump the table till I have attracted the attention of everybody in the room.

"'"Why all the advertisements I have ever read distinctly say that 'Alfonso' is sold in all the leading cafés, bars, and clubs. What sort of a pothouse do you call this, then?"

"'By this time the whole room is hanging on my every word, and, if everything goes as it should, the proprietor is now all explanations and apologies, and vowing by all the saints in his creed that if only I will do him the honour of looking in *mañana* there will be enough "Alfonso" in the basement to quench the thirst of a German regiment.'

⁂ ⁂

"'Tell me,' I asked, as he came to a stop; 'as a matter of curiosity, do you ever come up against a short-tempered, muscular man of the ilk that does not lend itself readily to propitiating querulous clients—a garrulous type of man in the habit of giving expression to his first-born thoughts, sublimely indifferent to the subsequent compunction he will inevitably experience in his moments of calm?'

"His reply was lost in the roar of the incoming train, and, in the rush for seats that followed, my friend Spackman vanished altogether from my life. But I shall always cherish the memory of a very gallant gentleman."

Yours ever,

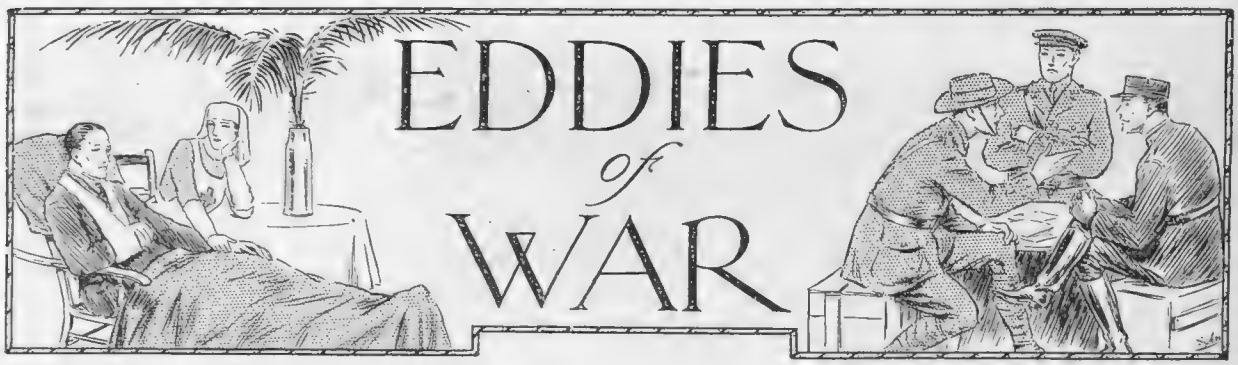
Jack Johnson.

French Official Photograph

"THE TIGER" AMONG THE AMERICANS

M. Clemenceau has been visiting the U.S.A. troops in France and bestowing decorations for gallantry. The men were delighted to have the opportunity of welcoming "The Tiger" amongst them — still as fierce as ever under the weight of seventy-four years

THE YOKE OF THE EASTER EGG



HOW TO GET PROMOTION. BY ONE WHO HASN'T

THE following remarks and instructions do not apply to officers, N.C.O's, or men serving in the field. They are beyond the range of criticism, humorous or otherwise. They are, nevertheless, keen observers of events at home, and little passes their notice. The newspapers and gazettes do not tell them much, and, in truth, they are not overburdened with the information contained in the one or the other. But there is a very complete postal service existing between those overseas and those here by means of the frequent (and overcrowded) leave boats. Hence the men in the field take more than a passing interest in the news of other people's promotion, and record their opinions in the prescribed manner. So that, in the abstract, this may interest them. But for those who are serving at home the question of promotion appears to be a matter of considerable moment, and deserving of earnest and constant attention. To those, therefore, who ponder over ways and means to the desired end these casual hints may not be unwelcome.

OUR "PACIFIST PRESS" PARROT

IT depends largely on where you are; and what you may be doing. I know a man, blinded in one eye by a breaking aeroplane propeller, who has been blown up twice in France; a lieutenant, with seventy-three people, mostly officers, working under him. When one suggests to him application for self-advancement, he replies, in the words of George Robey, "Sh-u-u-ut up, I haven't time." But there are others.

THE thing to do is to impress yourself upon your immediate superiors on the principle that constant droppings of water will in the fullness of time wear away stone, so constant personal applications and representations will probably give you another "pip" or two, if you hanker after these things. The method of procedure, under this heading, is somewhat in this wise: You watch very carefully the comings-in and goings-out of your Super War Lord. You then ask his secretary out to lunch. You must be careful about this, as she is probably a clever woman who has "had some," and will mislead you in her chief's interest. But having propitiated her, you then find out which are his good and which his bad hours. On balance, you discover that about 7.20 p.m. is a good sort of time, when he has finished signing the second batch of letters, and the third lot haven't arrived from the typists. Don't convey, through the secretary, that you want to see him "personally," because looks will be exchanged between her and him, and you will lay your seed upon stony ground. You go boldly in and say: "I wanted to speak to you, sir, about the working of my section." He just looks at you, and feels thoughtfully for his cigarette case without replying. You dash on with "I don't think you quite realise, sir, the important nature of the work I am doing, or—er—the quantity."

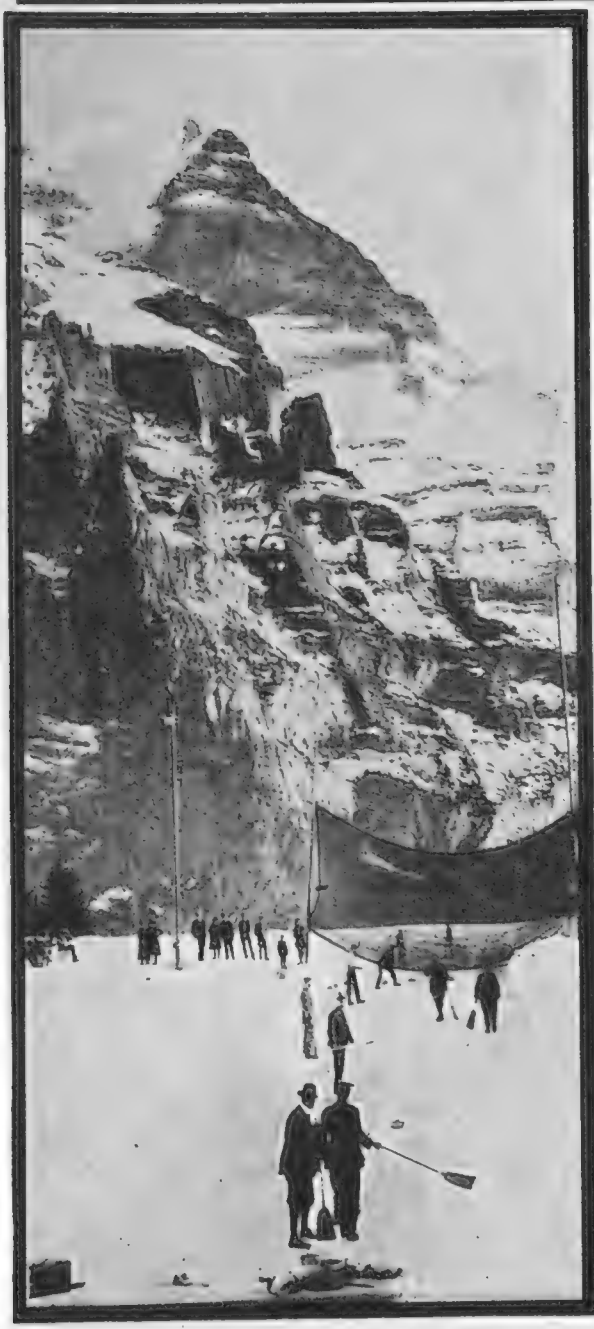
IF he is Scotch (and they usually are) he will continue to look at you, as through a glass darkly, and will say: "Oh, is that so?"

You then embark upon a sea of detail as to the general discomfiture you have inflicted upon the Huns, indirectly, during the past year. He may cut you short by saying that he doesn't consider the work of your section *is* of sufficient importance to warrant your promotion, etc. Then you counter by saying: "Then may I, please, be transferred to another section where my technical knowledge and—er—ability can be utilised to the best advantage?" If you have bad luck, the third batch of letters will arrive at this point, and his attention will begin to wander. He will

(Continued on page 646)

Winter Sports for Interned Sportsmen

OUTSIDE THE Y.M.C.A. HUT AT LEYSIN



A CURLING MATCH AT MURREN

CLIMBING UP THE SLITTE SUISSE FROM MURREN

A GROUP OF PRISONERS OF FIVE NATIONALITIES

Switzerland, lacking its normal influx of "Winter Sports" visitors, is doing its best for the interned prisoners of war at Murren, Leysin, and other pleasant places. Prisoners of all nationalities, pending their return home, may be seen in these photographs "making the best of it," with, apparently, complete success

"EDDIES OF WAR" (*concluded*)

then dismiss you with "I'll see about it." But if you do this, with variations, about every third week, things may eventually occur.

❀ ❀

THERE is another way. You, and several *confrères* distributed about the building, form a kind of Committee of self-advancement. You proceed to sit in each other's rooms for half-hours at a stretch and discuss the shortcomings of other folk. You discuss So-and-So; and you say what a farce it is that *he* should be holding such-and-such a position, whereas you, in your most dull and unimaginative moments, could do his job blindfolded.

❀ ❀

YOU hold forth upon the fact that he has no technical knowledge at all, and that before the war he sold second-hand cars, whereas *now*, he is *some* personage—disgraceful! You then cast about in your mind for an influential friend at one of the Ministry Courts to whom you can submit your case of scandalous neglect. If this worthy has a grain of weakness in him, and you put your several cases of tardy promotion sufficiently strongly and pleasantly to him, he may be induced to accept you at your own value, and make representations on your behalf accordingly. This has happened to several gentlemen of my acquaintance quite recently, with astonishingly good results.

❀ ❀

THE potentate in question did not, of course, know that one or two of you camouflaged your daily doings before 11 a.m. successfully, by supposed visits to other outside departments; whereas, in reality, you were breakfasting comfortably at your club, with the *Times* propped up against the toast rack. But all is fair in the Great War. And now these pushers wear the gold oak leaves—and such is life.

❀ ❀

AGAIN, there are exceptions to these stereotyped rules. One man, for example, with whom I have many dealings—a quiet, rather taciturn person, who, having been through the fires of the front, has been withdrawn for higher work—now lives only for his job and ultimate victory. Although he breaks the fourth Commandment with unfailing regularity every week, has been promoted, *malgré lui*, to very high rank, and is now genuinely distressed at the thought of discarding his little Scotch bonnet for the cap with the double row of oak leaves, he just slogs on, and reminds one of Gallio, who cared for none of these things; but he has promotion thrust upon him whether he likes it or not.

❀ ❀

LASTLY, there is yet another way towards promotion. It is a very unpopular way, and finds no favour among those whose handwriting slopes upwards on the notepaper. It is just to keep quiet *and get on with the job*; to organise your section so that, by your own personal initiative and *bon camaraderie*, you get 97 per cent. efficiency against 3 per cent. of human failing. To ignore the deviations from strict accuracy with which your superiors try to deceive you; and to trust in some obscure Providence to pay you what the country thinks you are worth. And to remember that ten years hence, when the Huns are completely defeated, your temporary rank will avail you nothing, and you will resort to the plain "Mr." standing on your own insecure level once again.

But the funny part about this last doctrine is that there are dozens of men I know, most of them more clever than I, who would dub me a "blithering ass" for proposing it!

And as the French say: "*Que voulez vous, enfin?*"

THE JAP IN THE BOX

From a Balloon Observer's Training Manual

PASSED BY CENSOR

"Prior to making a parachute descent it is important that the telephone receiver be detached from the observer's head"

ACQUAINTANCE: "Well, I hear you've gone into Revue now!"
ACTOR: "Yes, laddie, I'm playing First Potato in the allotment scene"

Shrapnel Pars

LORD RHONDDA has sold a yearling pedigree bull for £1,450, live weight with bone. The local food committee, we understand, is very worried about it.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE says: "Don't always say, 'When will the dawn come?' It is always coming." Besides in these "dry" days one mustn't say "when."

THE queue is not so much to the fore as it was. It is, in fact, hanging behind again, as a queue should.

IT has been said that the best way to raise a Rhine Whine is to drop a few tons of bombs over the frontier. No, the whine is not a hoch.

CONGRATULATIONS to Sir Douglas Haig on the birth of his son and heir. Let's hope he will have his answer complete long before the infant is old enough to ask him: "Daddy, what did *you* do in the Great War?"

"JAPANESE intervention," we are assured, "is merely a question of time." Quite so—and the question is whether it will be in time or not.

THE Germans are said to be afraid that Japanese action will prolong the war by two years at least. If they think that, they ought, on the contrary, to be duly grateful for such a substantial postponement of their doom.

"TROTSKY'S New Post," said a recent newspaper headline. We should not have been a bit surprised—or disappointed—to learn that it was a lamp-post.

AS a reason for the partial abolition of express trains, it is stated that our railway lines are wearing out. Another of our pre-war illusions gone as we see this lack of permanence on the part of the "permanent way"!

"THE advice all round," says the *Daily Mail*, "is 'drink less'!" Very well, if it must be so; but what with meatless days and drink-less days we seem to be "going through it" pretty heavily.

PET dogs, at one time threatened by the war economists with abolition, are now found to be of potential value on account of their wool. But, even so, they will only escape extermination by a close shave.

"LONDON has only nine homeless people," says the *Daily Mail*. But still plenty of "helpless and hopeless," as the charity appeal says. Especially hopeless.

ETON boys are digging soldiers' plots. But we will back the novelists' soldiers' plots for output.

The Man in the Moon

PASSED BY CENSOR

In the small hours of morning,
When waked by the warning
  Of maroon banging after maroon;
Her dauntless defender
Calm comfort will lend her,
  For she trusts in her "Man in the Moon"

The Missi

A DOMESTIC INCI

PASSED BY CENSOR

Events move quickly in the Navy, and life afloat on a war footing is perpetually at short notice. Frequently it happens that when a "stunt" is on, and vessels put hurriedly to sea, someone or something is left behind. On a certain battleship which dashed off recently in this sudden manner, it was presently discovered that the proper complement

ing Mascot

DENT IN THE NAVY

was short by a rating and the ship's cat. Later a T.B.D. was espied hurrying in pursuit, with signals flying, and the following was made by semaphore: "We have your man and your black cat." Most bluejackets can read semaphore, and though the first part of the message aroused comparatively small interest, the latter part elicited a rousing and joyful cheer

"Old Bill" in Messpot.

PASSED BY CENSOR

"Old Bill" has appeared in many places outside the pages of "The Bystander." Here he is in Mesopotamia, impersonated by a leading member of "The Nobodies" Concert Party, to the infinite cheering (and cheering-up) of the forces in that alternately dusty and rainy field of operations

The Bystander in Paris

THE OPINION OF MONSIEUR ARISTIDE

Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN

MES AMIS—

WE go to become a city at war. Everywhere they build over our statues the barricades of sandbags to safety them from the bombs of the Gothas, The Chevaux de Marly, the Fontaine de Mêdicis, the river gods in the Jardin des Tuileries, and so many more, each himself hides in a little dug-out.

❋

EVEN the sculptures of the Arc de Triomphe, the Opera, and Notre-Dame are quite disappeared behind so high walls of sandbags and every day they build higher the barricade round the great column to Napoleon in the Place Vendôme which the Communards tumbled down in 1871. The poor Maréchal Ney is taken down and stuffed away in a cellar. It is not so he would have behaved if he were now in Paris.

❋

ALREADY one commences to forget what it is that finds itself buried, and after the war how we will be surprised to discover such beautiful things. La Joconde, the Venus of Milo, the Winged Victory, and so many friends, when they come out of their hiding, will be quite new and we will all make gala and go in such crowds to see.

"He is not poor like so many"

"On the white walls he had painted . . ."

IT was this subject we discussed in the studio of M. Aristide Motte. M. Aristide is of the modern artists, but he does not a great deal paint. He is better to talk and to discuss the work of others. Some ones of his friends say it is sad that he do not work any more because then he would be most famous. But me I think to talk to and make a pleasant life is his art, and when he invite us to tea in his studio we go always.

❋

THIS time it was to a "tea *soi-disant*," he wrote, that we should come to celebrate the spring decoration of his studio. He is not poor like so many of our artists, and though he do not work much for money, he had worked very hard to make beautiful his room. On the white walls he had painted great green hills with little pale purple trees and fauns and dancing nymphs of life size, who did not feel the cold because it was spring.

❋

THERE were two myrtle trees in green tubs in the room which is very great, and the mats on the floor were fabricated of green rushes and all the chairs were white and the cushions of the divan of white and green stripes. It was all very beautiful and full of lilacs and

(*Continued on page 654*)

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS (*concluded*)

narcissi; and we cried out with surprise: "It is the true spring," which please him very much. The tea M. Aristide gave us was of white wine with water and little sandwiches of salad, which Lucile thought very *chic* and says she will do, and make a fashion in our quarter.

❀

WHEN we had finished, Miss Ethel, who think herself to have temperament because she do not know what she wants, said so loud that everyone stop talking to hear: "Say, M. Aristide, what a good thing it is they are protecting all the fine statues and have taken all the famous pictures out of danger of the Gothas."

❀

M. ARISTIDE regarded her: "You think so?" he say. "You find it good that? *Eh bien*—each one to his idea." It was so he made us curious to know his thought. "But my Aristide," said Pierre Lemaître, who made some success before the war with his drawing, and now learns to do designs with his left hand because the other was so broken when he fell with his aeroplane in the Argonne, "look you, old," he say, "one must have the statues."

❀

"AND why, old?" said M. Aristide. "Because," said Pierre, "they elevate the taste—because they conserve the tradition—because—"

"*Tiens, tiens, tiens!*" said M. Aristide, "how it will become our Pierre to be *Ministre des Beaux Arts*; but look you, old, how already one finds statues in all the good places. It will be imbecile after the war to make more. Paris it will be full of monuments if every hero like thou is to have one. It is the great chance for the Boche to do good to the artists and the heroes if he break some.

❀

WHEN M. Aristide get excited I discover him to be very interesting. He wave his shoulders, and his hairs fall in his eyes, which have so much life.

"It is the war of liberty," he cry; "and I for myself demand liberty for the statues. They have shame to be hidden and demand to present themselves to the bombs like men and goddesses. If they have the noses knocked from them—*quoi donc!*—there are artists who will to them make better noses.

"Miss Ethel"

❀

"IF one would preserve art, it is not for the statues that I would make *abris* of bags of sand, but for you. It is not Monsieur the Maréchal whom I would remove to the cellar, but Monsieur Aristide Motte, who has as a great virtue that he is unique and cannot be replaced."

"And do you go to the cellar, old one?" cried Monsieur Pierre.

"Me?" said our friend, "And you, Pierre? And who else? *Je me fiche des Gothas.* It is more comfortable in bed."

❀

WE are not all quite so brave, but it is only the statues which so much make themselves foolish and stay all the nights in the cellar.

À bientôt,

Your friend.

AGNÈS.

"When M. Aristide get excited"

Things I Should Like to See

PASSED BY CENSOR

No. 2.—My native town following the example of certain Italian cities, and removing its local masterpiece to a place of safety, lest it should be destroyed by air-raids

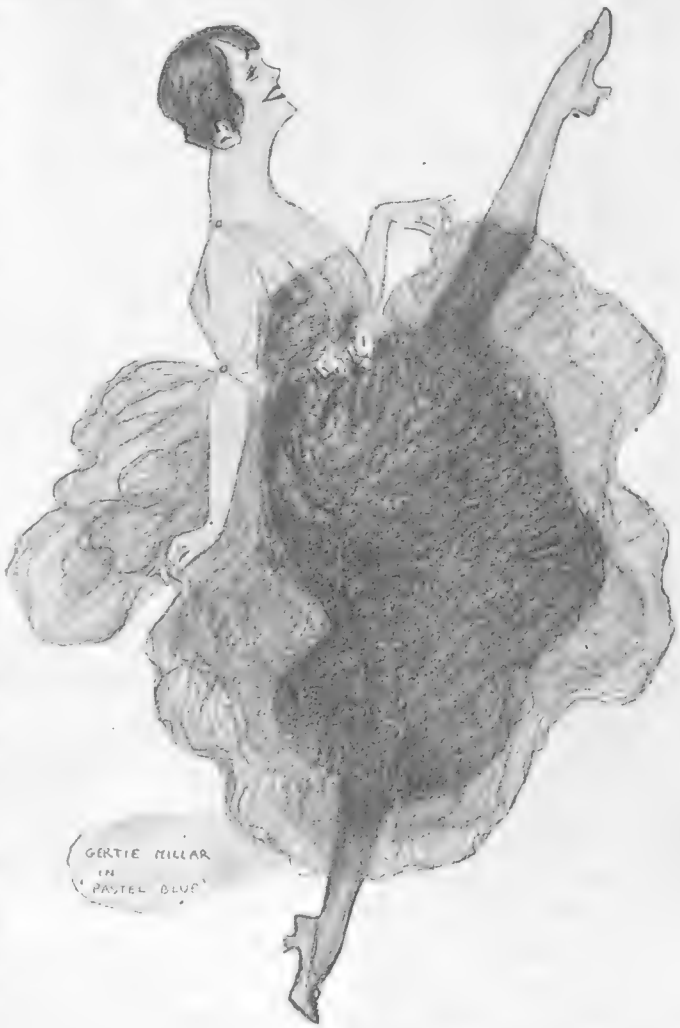
AS FLORA AT THE PRINCE OF WALES

BY "JINGLE"
Illustrated by LEWIS BAUMER

THIS is a Comedy with Music. It is all very light and lively, with Miss Gertie Millar as the fascinating heroine, and Miss Blanche Tomlin in full song; and I don't see that any lover of this class of entertainment can fairly ask more. If there is anything to complain of at all it is that an effort has been made to express a purely farcical story in terms of melodrama or somewhere thereabouts. There is, to begin with, Mr. Brapwick, who is described on the programme as "a snob, very rich." This method of labelling a character almost suggests that the author was too tired to adopt the usual procedure of drawing the character in detail so that we might form our own opinion as to his snobbishness or not.

✲

THEN the claim that he is "very rich" breaks down before the story has proceeded a couple of laps, as it were, as I will now proceed to explain to the House. You see Brapwick's younger daughter was tired of her wealthy, if homely, surroundings, and had a longing to marry into the peerage. She therefore naturally adopted the most approved method of attaining her end, namely, by going on the stage as a chorus girl. Everybody knows how quickly a chorus-girl is snapped up, especially if she knows how to make the most of her good points. Very soon she has got the young and brainless Earl of Knowse dangling at her heels. His lordship imagines she is poor but honest—like other chorus girls, in fact—and is quite agreeably surprised when she brings him home to the palatial family mansion. Mr. Brapwick loses his head so completely at the prospect of being allied to the peerage that he rashly promises to provide his daughter with a dowry of thirty thousand pounds—though even at that she will get no more meat and margarine than the rest of us.



✲

HAVING promised this neat little sum, Mr. Brapwick suddenly remembers that he has not for the moment got it as a liquid asset. He will have it in due course, but his affairs want a little rest, in order, as it were, to feel their feet again. It is not easy, therefore, to see why he should be in such a desperate hurry to get the money together, as the young couple will presumably be engaged for two or three weeks at least

(*Continued on page 658*)

With "Bubbly" on Tour

Camera Portrait *Hugh Cecil*

MISS IVY TRESMOND

An actress of refreshing charm who is taking the leading part in "Bubbly" on the tour of that amusing revue in the provinces

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS (*concluded*)

before the final plunge is taken. I have heard it said that ladies of the chorus are a bit swift, but I should hardly think they are so rapid that they must get married on the day following the proposal, or thereabouts—though, of course, there's nothing like making a sure thing of an elusive peer while you have the chance. Mr. Brapwick is terribly upset at the prospect of having to postpone the payment of the dowry, especially just after he has been rattling the loose silver in his pockets, and explaining that he is really frightfully rich.

⁂

THEN there is Lucas Whittle, the head gardener, who, by a quite unexpected stroke of fortune, inherits an income of twenty-five thousand a year, subject, no doubt, to fanciful jerks of the income-tax and the usual depreciation of investments which is such an ordinary feature of the times. Lucas is in love with Brapwick's elder daughter, Flora, whom he worships from afar, as it is not likely that she would throw herself away on her father's gardener. If he had been the young and handsome chauffeur, I suppose, it might have been another matter—at least it used to be. But Lucas, hearing of his master's trouble, comes along with a fine and large offer of fifty thousand pounds down if he may be accorded a sporting chance to win Flora's hand and heart.

BLANCHE TOMLIN AS 'GWENDOLINE BRAPWICK'

FLORA is, of course, a noble and high-minded girl, and a jolly good sort besides; and when her father suggests that she should give Lucas a run for his money, and back down at the finish, she cannot, will not, do this dreadful thing. Oh, no! There seems nothing in a story of this kind that is not amenable to farcical treatment; but it is here taken quite seriously. Miss Gertie Millar pitches it a bit pathetic as Flora, and Mr. Jo Nightingale, an actor of genius, is quite convincing as a large-hearted man who considers that he has been treated unkindly, and can't help showing that he feels it.

⁂

APART from the sad story of unrequited love, however, and the weird financial complications, the entertainment is very bright and jolly. Miss Millar has some good songs, especially the one called "Pastel Blue," which may or may not be considered a fair description of its humour; and when she is not singing in her light and laughing way she is dancing merrily to keep the fun going. Mr. Ralph Lynn, as the brainless Earl, is a most successful entertainer, and one at least of his songs (with chorus and dance) was fiercely encored on the night of our visit. Miss Blanche Tomlin, who has the gift of turning sentiment to playful mirth, has plenty of scope for her unusually fine voice. Mr. Lennox Pawle has an ideal part in that of Mr. Brapwick, if only the author would let him go his own way with it and keep it at the farcical level, where it belongs. The Comedy (with Music) is admirably mounted, and the ladies of the chorus ought to stand as good a chance as any of their kind with eligible peers of the hour.

JINGLE.

JO NIGHTINGALE AS 'LUCAS WHITTLE'

LENNOX PAWLE

VERONICA BRADY

'MR AND MRS BRAPWICK' MEET THEIR PROSPECTIVE SON-IN-LAW

RALPH LYNN AS 'THE EARL OF KNOWES'

BAIRNSFATHER ON THE ITALIAN FRONT.

A Visit to the Alpini

PASSED BY CENSOR

19 * * ?

The war was over some time ago, but this man hasn't heard about it yet, and nobody can get up to tell him. His sniping is therefore very annoying to that Austrian village in the valley

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE · BAIRNSFATHER

Making a Mess

By A. W. THOMSON

"One naturally doesn't mind suffering hardships in London," said Buddell indignantly, tugging at the straps of his valise, "but out here, in this land of plenty, to charge umpteen chips a day for messing is simply fleecing the widow and orphan."

These hard and bitter words were occasioned by our arriving, dusty and hungry, at an up-river Rest Camp, and discovering the mess to be in the hands of an unscrupulous contractor, whose charges amounted to something like three rupees per mouthful.

"It's wicked," agreed Old Thing. "We didn't come out East on an errand of philanthropy. Why don't you write home a letter of protest to the *Times* and sign it 'Married Subaltern with Wife in Almshouse'?"

"Our only effectual protest," said Buddell, "is to draw our own rations and eat them in our tents."

"Wonderful!" I commented ironically; "as we get bully and biscuit so seldom in the ordinary course of events, this will be a special treat for us."

"There will be no bully and biscuit as such," said Buddell in a superior tone. "By means of my Rocket stove——"

"Oh, yes, we all know about your pre-Stevenson Rocket," said Old Thing unkindly. "It is what has been aptly described as the pillar of cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night."

"Go on," said Buddell, "laugh, jeer, and demonstrate to the world at large your abysmal ignorance. What provisions have we in store?"

"Soup squares, onions, jam, iron ration and biscuits," counted Old Thing.

"Why iron ration *and* biscuits?" I scintillated. No one noticed.

"With the means at my disposal," went on Buddell, "I will guarantee to produce a dinner that would stagger the chef at the Ritz."

Both Old Thing and I agreed that the word "stagger" was appropriate, though somewhat mild. Thereupon Buddell issued peremptory orders, and whilst we idle scoffers reclined on a bed of ease three harassed and perspiring batmen dashed hither and thither bearing anatomical portions of the Rocket. The whole scene gave the impression of a battery of Horse Artillery being galloped into action against time.

"Who has the oil?" asked Buddell.

"I'm a foolish virgin," said Old Thing lightly, "I didn't bring any."

"And I'm a wise one," I added, "but I'm no better off for that. I wrapped the bottle in a pair of pyjamas and it broke on the way up-river."

Aladdin was therefore despatched in quest of oil. (Buddell's man is called Aladdin for obvious reasons. Nothing but the possession of a magic lamp could account for the marvellous precision with which he obtains, irrespective of circumstances, whatever he is sent for.) He came back within an uncannily short space of time, bringing with him enough oil to drive a Dreadnought. The stove lighted, a sizzling dixie crowned it, and Buddell, intently conning a battered Field Service Cookery Book, called for ingredients.

"Boiling water—good; three tablets desiccated soup—good; have you shredded those onions yet? Come along with that bully. Hustle!"

Aided by an indifferent can-opener, we mutilated a tin of bully until it looked like a bit of the battle of Jutland, and plunged its contents into the seething mass, Buddell vigorously stirring the while with an entrenching-tool handle.

Various odours arose—odour of bully, odour of onion, and odour of oil; but the greatest of these was oil. It assailed our hands, our feet, our ears, our noses—our very wrist watches. We breathed oil. The stove began to exhibit distressing signs of internal unrest. It creaked and groaned. Every few moments it emitted a passionate sob. The noisome liquid swirled and bubbled, and Buddell peered into its depths like some old time necromancer. "What price Roger Bacon!" jeered Old Thing.

Suddenly Buddell darted forward and made frantic passes with his improvised ladle. "Look out!" he howled. "My glasses have fallen in!"

Half blinded by the splash, he whirled round, and catching his boot against the stove, overturned what may, without colloquialism, be termed "the whole boiling." The dixie crashed, the stove roared, and sheets of flame and smoke went ballooning up to the tent roof. Old Thing and I fled in terror. The Rocket had rocketed. Two minutes later we stole back to a scene of awful havoc. The whole of the tent's interior was draped in a mantle of thick, velvety soot. There lay the Rocket feebly kicking and flickering its last, and in the background we could just descry a dishevelled, Dantesque figure, still wildly brandishing a ladle. Nothing remained but to capitulate and eat humble pie in the Mess.

"Come along, Bud," said Old Thing; "your effort has been noble, and a cruel fate alone has robbed you of triumph. Currycomb your countenance, incinerate your togs, and buzz over with us to the Mess for grub."

Buddell struck a death-before-dishonour attitude. "Never!" he cried. "I object to contractors on principle. I'll cook my own dinner if I die for it."

Shamelessly we deserted him. He had chosen the hard, stern path of duty, but hunger had destroyed our scruples. As we departed we could hear him denouncing us in those rich, robust terms applicable to such as make a deity of their digestion.

In the Mess we languished through the world's worst meal—dishwater soup, charred mutton and a pudding as heavy as German philosophy. Never since my first dose of Ibsen had I felt so depressed. It was a function to which the reading of the Burial Service would have lent a cheering diversion. We retired hungrier than ever, feeling firmly convinced that England would lose the war.

Our tent was empty and desolate. "Buddell's probably blown himself up," said Old Thing cheerfully. "I always felt nervous about that stove."

Ten o'clock had clanged on the camp gong before Buddell re-entered, clothed and in his right mind. A

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FINANCIALLY, Britain is living on paper—and there is a paper shortage.

Financially, Germany also is living on paper—and there being an acute wool shortage ; she is not only living on it but in it, for already she is reduced to paper clothes.

The only real wealth to-day is in stock.

Coldly analysing the situation, the workers of the world have for four years practically ceased to produce, and their energies have been employed only to destroy. The natural outcome is a disastrous shortage of all raw materials.

Only the coward and the fool refuses to face fact. This shortage of raw material will become more and more grave. Money values will become negligible, and material will become the chief negotiable asset.

So far as my own trade is concerned I have foreseen the position which exists to-day, and to which everyone will rudely awaken to-morrow.

The entire resources of this House have been utilised to secure as large a stock of woollens as possible. The interests of its customers are regarded as its own. There has been, and will be, no unsavoury profiteering, and that is why prices will remain sane as long as it is within the power of Pope and Bradley to keep them so.

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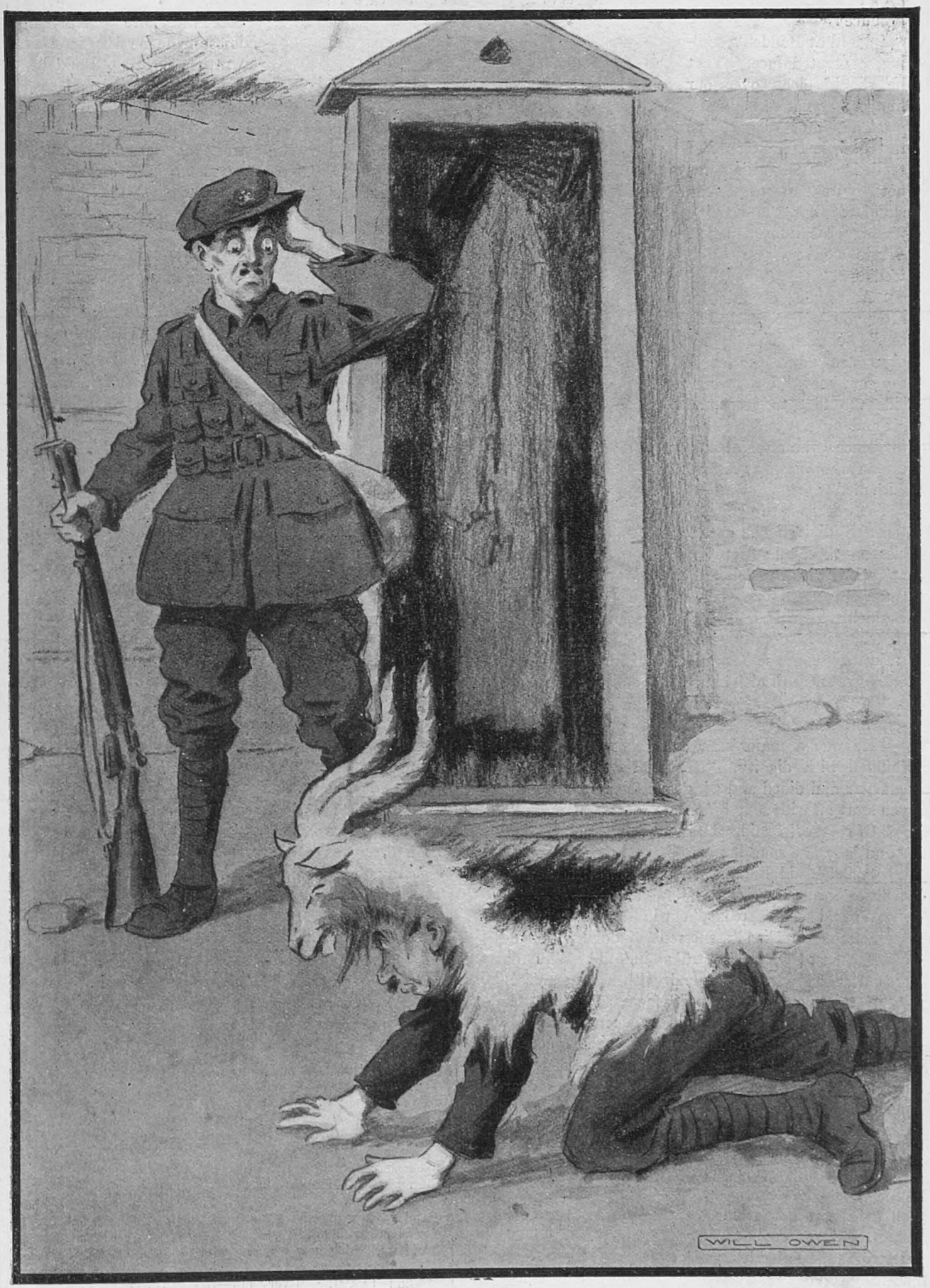

PASSED BY CENSOR

CAMOUFLAGE IN A WELSH REGIMENT

"MAKING A MESS" (*concluded*)

fat smile of satisfaction wreathed his face, as did also the smoke from an enormous cigar. "Well," he said airily, "what sort of dinner did the flesh-pots of Egypt produce?"

I gazed at Buddell's smiling, contented face. That he should gloat over our hunger was not to be borne.

"The finest dinner I've tasted since I came out," I replied. "The waiting was not quite up to Savoy standard, but the cooking was immeasurably superior. Where have you been feeding?"

"A couple of minutes after you had so basely left me," he said, flicking his cigar ash down the leg of my gum boot, "I went outside the tent to get some air and by a wonderful coincidence I ran straight into a man who was up at Oxford with me."

"On a ration box sat Buddell"

The world's entire population is divided into two classes—those who were up at Oxford with Buddell, and those (a negligible minority) who weren't. If Buddell were shot out of a howitzer into the enemy trenches, it is morally certain that he would end his trajectory upon the neck of a Turkish officer who had been up at Oxford with him.

"Who was he?" I asked unfeelingly. "The sergeant-cook?"

"He was a major-man on the Staff," answered Buddell with dignity. "He took me over to his quarters and dined and wined me to perfection. Did you start off with soup?"

"Of course," I said, winking fiercely at Old Thing, "and jolly fine soup it was too—real mock turtle."

"Pooh!" said Buddell. "We began with the most delicate cream of chicken, followed by——"

"We had salmon steaks," cut in Old Thing loyally.

"Salmon steaks!" sneered Buddell. "Shades of Lockhart! Salmon steaks indeed! Why our second course was dressed crab with a mayonnaise!"

"Nothing could have been more succulent than our braised partridge," I said in a tone that sadly lacked conviction. Buddell turned up his nose at our braised partridges. "We had ortolans," he mouthed, rolling each word as though it were a rare morsel; "then a *pêche Melba*, and lastly the most perfect coffee and cigars."

"Oh, chuck it!" said Old Thing in a choking voice, and began undressing in feverish haste. I gave it up. I had lied courageously, but *pêche Melba* took all the heart out of me. Buddell and I turned in shortly afterwards, but I was too hungry to sleep. To describe your perfectly imaginary feast to some one else scarcely serves to allay your inner pangs. An hour—two hours passed. Old Thing was snoring a melodious nocturne. There was a small tin of corned beef in my haversack. Noiselessly I slipped out of bed and secured it. Where was that tin opener? With infinite care I struck a match. The sight which its sputtering flare portrayed almost made me drop it. On a ration box sat Buddell, avidly plastering a large biscuit with plum and apple jam. We gazed thunderstruck at each other until the match burnt my fingers and went out.

I made a brief comment on the subject of matches in general and proceeded to light the hurricane lamp.

"Good lord!" exclaimed Buddell, "I thought you'd had a wonderful dinner."

"So I had," I admitted bitterly; "it was all the more wonderful because it existed purely in my imagination. I could eat a house."

"So could I," said Buddell with deep feeling.

"You hungry?" I asked in amazement. "What about your Lord Mayor's dinner? What about your Good Samaritan major-man?"

"I invented him," said Buddell sadly. "I didn't intend that you should crow over me."

"But the major's cigars?"

"Three annas two pice at the local canteen—the vilest weeds that ever wore band . . . . And now," he added, with sudden determined cheerfulness, "arouse your slumbering infant and let us make the stew properly."

We did. The Rocket's wounds were bound up, and it returned to duty like a hero. There were no ortolans. There was no *pêche Melba*. But that stew was a dream—a culinary poem. In all the annals of gastronomic history nothing ever happened that was quite so delicious. A. W. THOMSON.

RATIONS.

WITH one-and-three a week to spend on nothing else but meat,
I shall not eat to live henceforth, but merely live to eat.
I never dreamed the day would come that we should ask our friends
To share the "innards" of a sheep, and other odds and ends;
While "offal" was a matter that I never thought could be
A fashionable subject to discuss when out to tea.
But what with sausages and bread, with this "per cent," and that,
And what with buying boneless meat, and meatless bone with fat,
And wondering how you're going to cook the funny things you've got,
I find that life is very full—tho' "Little Mary's" not.

L. O.

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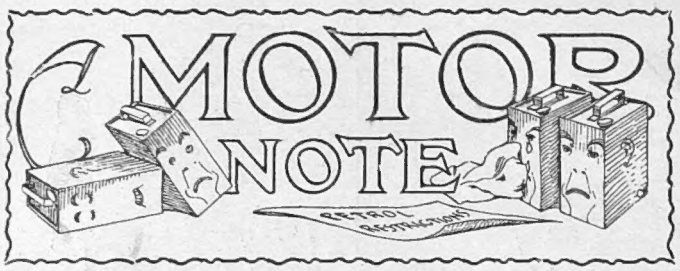

"Standoffishness"

THE United Motoring Council (of users, producers and distributors) continues to be representative of the representatives of all motoring bodies bar the Automobile Association. The A.A. stands aloof—or, rather, the A.A. committee stands aloof—because it does not believe there can be anything in the united idea, except on rare occasions. It will consider those occasions as they arise.

***

The Competitive Stimulant

THE best thing I know about that attitude is that it may stimulate the, so far, United Council into so many useful activities that the A.A. will be kept in a constant state of consideration; or that it will result in so many A.A. spurts after desirable motoring objects that the United Council's co-operation will be in continual request.

There is, after all, something in the competitive factor. There ought to be nothing which one party can suggest in the interests of motoring which the other party could decline to support and still live.

***

Napiers' Report

EXTRACT from the Napier report: "Your company is engaged entirely upon important Government work and during the year ended September 30 last its output exceeded that of any previous year." Result, a profit totalling, with balance brought forward, the comfortable little sum of £139,056 12*s.* 2*d.* So that Napiers are not feeling particularly depressed about financial affairs.

***

No Complaints

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***

In Compression

MR. LESLIE WALTON, chairman and managing director of Vauxhalls, succeeds Mr. Arthur Goodwin in the chair of the Motor Trade Association.—Auto Carriers, Ltd., have invested £20,000 in war bonds.—Mr. S. B. Joel has presented an Austin Lorry to the Motor Transport Volunteers.—It is announced that those tractors have now arrived. Well, *some* have.—Display announcement in a motoring contemporary: "Our contributor goes for a motor ride." Every little helps to keep the name on the paper.—According to authority, Henry Ford is making hundreds of sub.-chasers, thousands of Liberty aeroplane engines, tens of thousands of tractors, and hundreds of thousands of trucks and cars. The chasers are going to clear the seas, the aeroplanes are going to clear the air, the tractors are going to save us from starvation, and the road vehicles are going to be a most material factor in the reconstruction of industry. Anybody else doing anything in Ford's own country?

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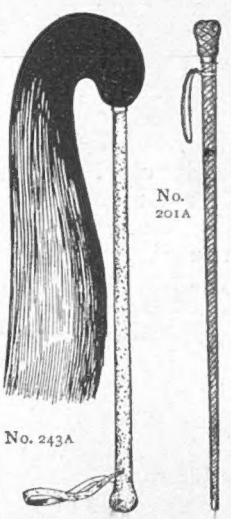

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